

NORTH *Bi* NORTHWEST

Newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services

JUNE/JULY 1995

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 3

*There always
seems to be some
gray area be-
tween the space
that my body
occupies from
the inside out,
and the space
my mind tells
me my body oc-
cupies from the
outside in.*

K.



Join! \$10-50/year, sliding scale.
I want to wear my bisexuality in my wallet. Make me a card carrying bisexual! Enclosed is \$_____ for a one-year membership.

Subscribe! \$10/year, flexible.
I want to receive the latest bi news, opinions, writing and art six times a year. Enclosed is \$_____ for a one-year subscription.

Total enclosed: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Prov _____

Zip/Postal Zone _____ Phone (optional) _____

How did you hear about us? _____

All contributions are tax-deductible

Please enclose cash, or checks made payable to SBWN

Send to: SBWN, PO Box 30645, Greenwood Station, Seattle, WA 98103-0645

Join the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network and become a card-carrying bisexual!

This certifies that _____
Your Name Here
 is a card carrying
 BISEXUAL
 and is a member in good standing of
 The Seattle Bisexual Women's Network

Date _____ SBWN Coordinating Committee

Memberships are \$10-50 a year on a sliding scale, and are open to women everywhere. Members are entitled to discounts on events and purchases. See mail-in form above.

SBWN Statement of Purpose

We are a group of women from diverse backgrounds working to create a feminist bisexual support network and to promote, in both the heterosexual world and in the lesbian/gay community, the understanding and acceptance of bisexuality as one of many valid sexual identities.

We regard ourselves as part of the community that is united against heterosexism and homophobia. We are dedicated to the right of all people to define their own sexuality, free from any social, political, or economic coercion. The discriminations we face on the bases of our gender and our sexuality are not the only forms of oppression. We recognize that oppression is non-hierarchical and that none of us is free until all of us are free. We are invested in the feminist struggle to transform our culture into one free of all forms of bigotry, hatred, and exploitation.

We seek to provide a safe place for women to explore all aspects of their sexual orientation and identity. All women are welcome to attend SBWN activities. We are exclusively a women's group in order to create a safe space for women's expression and leadership. We come together to affirm ourselves and our choices.

North Bi Northwest is the bimonthly newsletter of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network. It is produced by women and is feminist in content. We feature news and events pertinent to the bisexual community, as well as creative writing, artwork, and an advice column.

Copyright 1995 by North Bi Northwest (ISSN 1050-4680). Please let us know before reprinting anything from this publication (see address above), and always credit us with our Name and Address.

We welcome submissions from women and men that concern feminism, politics, sexuality, or anything of interest to bisexual women. Help define our culture! Share your histories, anger, pleasure, energy. Send us your essays, poetry, photographs, drawings, book reviews, short stories, interviews, media reports, rants, cartoons, erotica, journals, theory, conversations and letters. You're important to us and what you have to say is important to everyone.

We accept input on disk with hard copy (Mac or PC), typed, or handwritten if it's legible. If you send us something to print, you get a free issue; send six and get a year's subscription! Let us know what pseudonym you use, if you do not want to publish under your everyday name.

Views expressed in North Bi Northwest are those of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the views of SBWN. Inclusion in this publication does not indicate author's sexual orientation.

Deadline for submissions to the next issue: Wed. July 5. (see address above).

North Bi Northwest is printed on bi paper! (50% recycled).



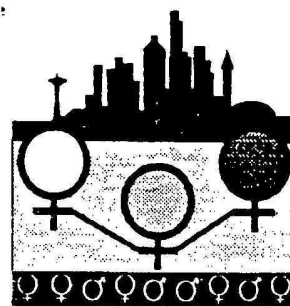
North Bi Northwest

Editorial Team:

Peggy Walsh,
 Elizabeth Collier
 & other Volunteers

Distribution:

Betty Kay, Denise Ottosen
 and volunteers



Seattle Bisexual
 Women's Network
 PO Box 30645
 Greenwood Station
 Seattle WA 98103-0645

SBWN can always use volunteers to help with a variety of tasks. Give us a call or talk to a facilitator at a meeting.

North Bi Northwest is available by subscription (see above) or at area bookstores and newsstands, including: in Seattle, Red and Black Books, Beyond the Closet, Bailey Coy Books, Fremont Place Book Company, and Toys in Babeland.

North Bi Northwest is a publication of the Seattle Bisexual Women's Network, a member project of Gay Community Social Services, PO Box 22228, Seattle, WA 98122-0228. (Not for correspondence with SBWN or North Bi Northwest).

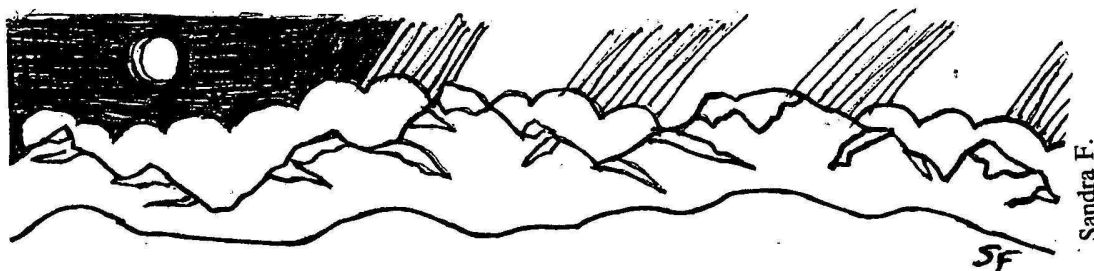
From the Editor...

I've just been on jury duty here in King County (originally named for 'Miss Nancy' Wm. Rufus King, vice president of F. Pierce, and recently changed to honor M. L. King instead), and was struck by the demographics of the 400 or so of us in the jury pool. Seattle claims to be 25% people of color (10% African-American, 12% Asian-American, the rest being Native or 'other'). The jury crowd was remarkably white. There was a reasonable spread of gender and age, with a tendency toward retirees and Boeing employees. I entertained myself by considering who might be more interesting than average. Most of those with books seemed to be reading those popular paperbacks with lurid red and gold on the covers, with a small but noticeable percentage holding prayer books. I had *Stone Butch Blues*, as our reading group was discussing it that week. I kept hoping someone would notice and comment on it. I guessed that anyone who saw it figured it was about some blues/jazz musician.

Then there was the SyttendeMai parade (17th of May, Norwegian Independence Day), the largest outside Norway, I hear. It's full of nostalgia for me: highly reminiscent of the 1950's South Jersey small-town 4th of July parade of my childhood, but so far outside any cultural identity I have now. Shriners, high school bands, fire engines, Princesses on floats, contingents of children in costumes and White Ethnic Heritage organizations; all so very mainstream in every way. Where were the Queer Nordics?

For our next issue, we're looking for people's thoughts and experiences with menstruation: your first, your last, rituals you have around monthly cycles, a particularly good or bad experience, an adventurous sex scene....

We hope to see you at Pride Festivals everywhere — June 25 in Seattle, with our banner and at our table!



SBWN's Most Excellent Adventures Social Committee Leads Us Into Fun

by Lisa N.

Island Fun in the Sun Party at JJ's: A Big Success

As I scanned the room with my eyes, a huge smile appeared on my face. I was surrounded by beauty everywhere I looked. The view was spectacular, inside and out. Outside, the Olympic Mountains and Puget Sound were difficult to take your eyes off of. The weather that day was sunny and warm. The evening sunset was gorgeous and the full moon and stars made for perfect conditions all day long. Inside: a house full of terrific women. It was definitely a great way to spend the day.

Some of the fun activities in our day of play included croquet, beach walking, kayaking, hot tubbing, sauna lounging, video viewing, and of course eating and consuming beverages.

Thanks so much to our Hostess J.J. for inviting us into your beautiful home and for providing the great soup and munchies.

Discovery Park Walk

It was a beautiful day for a walk in Discovery Park. While walking, much chatting occurred about love lives; distractions occurred such as sand graffiti and cloud watching. A good time was reported to be had by all.

Thank you Syrenka for taking on being the Volunteer Adventure Leader. We appreciate your time and efforts. ▼

SBWN Committees Form

SBWN's recent retreat resulted in redesigning our committees. To contact anyone in SBWN, you may call our phone line (783-7987) and your message will be forwarded, or, if you're a member, call people directly from the phone list.

The **Political Committee** is committed to networking with other queer and feminist organizations, and participating in political marches and rallies for bisexual visibility.

Contact: Regina S.

Facilitators' Collective is the group of women who keep our weekly meetings organized.

Contact: Gayla R.

Social Committee is putting together parties and activities where we can get to know each other better in a casual setting.

Gay Community Social Services liaisons are Kellie T. and Regina S.

Newsletter Committee puts together this publication. Contact: Peggy W.

There'll be more on other committees as they work out their job descriptions.



Chicken Soup Brigade presents CARE TO DANCE, an AIDS dance-a-thon with The Village People, Gloria Gaynor, dance diva Robin S, and other guests, Saturday June 10 at the Washington State Convention Center, 6pm-midnight. Child care, massage, food and beverage are provided. Call 206-322-CARE to register.

Crone is an organization dedicated to the idea of **women growing older with Power, Passion and Purpose**. They encourage and support personal unfolding and passage of their members from outgrown roles and stereotypes into powerful, passionate and satisfying old womanhood. Activities include conversation groups, book discussions, study circles, and various other adventures. You'll find them at PO Box 31991, Seattle, WA 98103. This summer you can join them at a series of picnics, all at picnic shelters 4 or 5 in Seattle's Woodland Park: 6pm Friday June 16, 6pm Wednesday July 19, and 2pm Sunday August 27. Bring food to share and your own dishes. For further details, phone Jan 789-1078 or Doreen 784-8799.

BiNet/USA's Sixth Annual Meeting will be in Minneapolis, July 21-23, 1995. A balanced weekend is planned: time for play, scheduled events and free time. Members, delegates and coordinators expect to discuss issues, plan for the future and have Big Fun! A donation of \$25 is suggested, but no attendance fee is required. For more info call Victor Raymond at 612-621-8069 or e-mail Lou Hoffman at oman0005@gold.tc.umn.edu

The **Michigan Womyn's Music Festival** will be held August 8-13. For a brochure and ticket information, send an SASE to: WWTMC, Box 22, Walhalla, MI 49458.



A press release from Womyn On Wheels, Seattle's Lesbian Bicycle Club, was censored in the March, 1995, edition of the Cascade Courier, newsletter of the Cascade Bicycle Club (CBC). It seems one person from the board of directors of CBC had a problem with the content, and was able to dictate his discriminatory censorship over the other members. On the good news side, the entire press release *did* run in the April, 1995 issue. Call Virginia at 527-1852 or Sandi at 323-2169 for WoW's ride schedule. (WOW, V1#3, May '95)

In Montana, a bill was passed that required 'people convicted of rape, murder, and 'homosexual acts' to register their whereabouts with authorities. The subsequent outcry caused the Senate to remove the 'homosexual acts' part a couple days after passing the bill. One senator, who said homosexual acts were worse than violent sexual crimes, did apologize and retract that statement. (Ultra Violet, April '95)

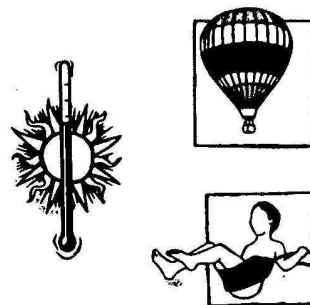


The new updated **Bisexual Resource Guide** is here! Featuring over 1400 bi and les-gay organizations, lists of bi films and books are also included. To order send \$8 to BRC, PO Box 639, Cambridge, MA 02140.

More queer movies: Emma Thompson, of *Remains of the Day* and *Howard's End* fame, is scheduled to star in the film *The Well of Loneliness*. The story by Radclyffe Hall, is about a woman raised as a son, not a daughter. (Skagit Gay Times, V4#4, April 1995)

AABL, Advocates for Abused & Battered Lesbians is one of only four Lesbian focused domestic violence centers in the country.

Although we like to believe that all homosexual partnerships are based on fairness and equality, domestic violence affects one out of four Gay and Lesbian relationships. Police have little training in understanding Lesbian battering, domestic violence shelters are often laden with homophobia, unspecialized counselors are often heterosexist. By providing free counseling, advocacy, legal support, and a voice for abused Lesbians and their children, AABL is at the forefront of empowering women. It is a non-profit, grass roots agency relying on community support to continue. Unfortunately, the demand for their services exceeds their resources. Call 206-547-8191 for help or to help.



A **Louisville KY**, Alderman has introduced a measure to **modify that city's anti-bias laws** to include sexual orientation. The Greene measure would only apply to non-discrimination in employment. A past proposal that included protections in housing and public accommodations failed in 1992. (Skagit Gay Times, V4#4, April '95)

In November 1994, **Israel's Supreme Court** issued a ruling granting **equal rights to same-gender couples**. The case originated from an male employee's request that the standard employee benefit of a free flight ticket for spouses be given to his life partner, also a man. In the decision, Supreme Court Vice-President, Mr. Aharon Barak, wrote, "Is the life of sharing between people of the same sex different than the life of opposite-sex couples?" (Israel Update, March 1995)

Zima, anyone? It turns out the owner of this stuff is **Coors**. Isn't that something! (Seattle Chapter NOWsletter, April 1995)

Autobiography of a Face

by Lucy Grealy

Review by Lizabeth Collier

When Lucy Grealy was nine years old she was diagnosed with Ewing's sarcoma, a type of cancer, and a third of her jaw was taken out, leaving her disfigured by most people's standards. In this book, Ms. Grealy takes a look at how the experiences of surgery, long term illness, and being different have formed her.

Grealy goes into the details of the pain that started the process, the different bad diagnoses, the procedures leading to surgery, and two and a half years of chemotherapy and radiation. Her almost daily trips into New York City, living weeks or months at a time in hospital, are all laid out, as matter of factly as a ten year old would tell you. Her description of how the first chemo session affected her body is chilling in that I could feel the progression of the poisons in my own body.

Grealy missed most of fourth and fifth grade, a relief to her. Once the chemo was ended, she was healthy and strong enough to go back to school. There, of course, she was an outsider, partly because she hadn't been around in so long, but mostly because she looked different. Different from everyone else, that is. She was tormented by groups of boys; she insults one group by calling them "You stupid dildos." When she found out what a dildo was, she stopped using the word, as she had known children with artificial limbs, and children with urinary tract problems. So she has learned compassion, but cannot share the experience.

I found this book disturbing in a lot of ways. She talks about being seen by other children, and how 'The cruelty of children is immense, almost startling in its precision.' Later she says, "I was my face, I was ugliness."

Grealy tried to think going through surgery, being in hospital, made her special. She would be rewarded for not crying over a needle, while her ability to even deal with what was going on around her was taken for granted. Due to her family's set of problems, including her mother's depression and her older brother's schizophrenia, she really was very much alone. The family's inability to talk about what was going on, to really understand each other, left Grealy feeling she was unlovable.

Later she equated love, or the lack of love, with her ugliness. She felt her face kept her from being worthy. Of course, none of this was talked about; her family was not available, and after so many years of not being able to show her fears, she just kept all of this to herself.

I found the child's understanding of what was going on around her wonderful. On being told she has a malignancy, and will be having a big operation, Grealy remembers being happy at the prospect of special treatment. And years later, when hearing the term 'before Lucy had cancer,' she is shocked. No one had ever used the word cancer in reference to what was happening to her.

My favorite part is where Grealy talks about Halloween. She wears a mask, like everyone else, and feels carefree and bold, not like herself at all. She doesn't understand why her sisters, who she thinks should have nothing to worry about their appearances, aren't as happy as she felt that night.



Of course, her life does not return to normal once the cancer is gone. She needs extensive dental work, and then plastic surgery to reconstruct her face. The patronizing manner of so many of the doctors Grealy saw over 20 years is almost as horrifying as some of the procedures they performed. A lot of the work made her look worse, rather than better.

At one point she has a woman having reconstruction surgery after a mastectomy for a roommate. Grealy does not understand how this woman

can feel as ugly as Grealy feels; after all, she has a beautiful face, and a husband who loves her. No one can tell what is wrong with this woman as she walks down the street, she doesn't wear her ugliness where everyone can see it.

Finally, the surgeries are complete. Her face is hers. But she doesn't see herself in this face; she questions how this could be her, when it seems an imposter is in the mirror. So she stops looking at herself.

For almost a year, she avoids mirrors, any shiny surface that reflects images. She gets to a point where she just looks through the mirror, not focusing. Grealy had done this as a child, pointedly avoiding knowing exactly how ugly she was. Now she was avoiding the end of waiting, the end of her excuse to get on with her life. And she comes to the realization that her liberation is not from getting a new face, but from losing her image.

This book has no lengthy treatises on academic topics. It isn't overtly feminist. It has a human viewpoint. How does not looking right make you feel about yourself, how you fit in the world, how you think others fit? To always be waiting for 'when my face gets fixed, then I'll start living.'

There is so much in this book, just simple sentences that make you think. An idea is just presented, and you have to put the book down, and think about what you just read. I found myself rereading sections, hoping to capture the rush of thought that was triggered by some words.

Most of us have experienced not fitting in at some point in our lives. It is easy to place our experiences into Grealy's, to feel some of the same shame, or exhilaration, at standing out from everyone else.

Serving the Lesbian community since 1971



**LESBIAN
RESOURCE
CENTER**
322-3953

- Drop-in Center
- Information and Referral Line
- Support Groups
- Extensive Lending Library
- Special Events
- Volunteer Opportunities
- The monthly LRC Community News

**1808 Bellevue Ave. #204
Seattle WA 98122**

Starved

Sara Hospador

I'm eating ramen noodles
with a silver spoon
in a room with
only boarded up
windows and the hum
of a fan
keeping the dust
from settling.
I choke on water
I misspell my new name
I breathed in
when I should've
breathed out.
I respond with
only one syllable
to a question posed
to somebody else.
I have no patience with my inadequacy
and only pills
keep my sheets
from twisting me
up in knots.
My defensive pride
is merely an act
because what I really want is
to be satisfied with less than perfect.

But each day I walk
out behind the setting sun
a warmth in my muscles
that I survived again.
and that I will survive again
And that is enough for me.
Your script called me 'giddy'
and I choked up
because pride knew
you more than questioned
the little happiness
I do have.
Do not twist promises
that my definition of
survival
is the same as yours
For I proved that I
am not giddy
with far too much flair
And truly I think
you asked the wrong actor
the right question.
I prompted you into wanting
my affection.
Full of ramen
I am starved.

My Lovers are Fat, Slovenly, and Some Have Penises

by Terry Farrah

farrah@halcyon.com

I have felt attracted to women since adolescence but I lived a heterosexual life until I was 30. I remember my friend Catherine came out to me as being a lesbian when she was 19 and I was 21 and we were travelling together in the Northeast. That was my first up-close exposure to lesbian culture and I thought, these women are not attractive and I don't want to have anything to do with them sexually. I had some vague realization that it might be possible to be sexually involved with women who fit my idea of attractiveness but, and I don't know if I articulated this to myself, I felt that I was too fat and ugly to be involved with an 'attractive' woman. Somehow I didn't feel I was too fat and ugly to be involved with an attractive man. My first boyfriend, whom I got involved with at 18 and stayed with for five years, had wonderful all-American style boyish good looks and only a tiny paunch hanging over his jeans.

Near the end of my thirtieth year many life-changing things happened to me all at once: I settled into my first career-type job, I began performing in an African marimba band (something I had fantasized about for years), I broke up with my second all-American boyfriend (I had been with him five years as well), and I lost twenty-five pounds, nearly to model thinness. I was in love with myself and euphoric. I wanted to make love with everyone I knew and didn't hesitate to announce that fact. I felt quintessentially attractive and I imagined the whole world was attracted to me — including those previously elusive 'attractive' lesbian and bisexual women.

But what I found is that the women I became involved with all challenged, rather than fulfilled, my no-

tions of female physical attractiveness!

My first woman lover, K—, was about 5'8" and 200 pounds. The next, E—, I had initially met as a man — a very beautiful man — and during the course of our love affair she fulfilled her long-held dream of living full-time as a woman. The next, C—, seemed to never have bought into any common notions of female attractiveness: she rarely combed her unruly hair, had crooked yellow teeth below a very noticeable moustache, and wore the same threadbare clothes for days at a time.

Why do I find myself with women who are not conventionally attractive? Perhaps I am working out my own issues about body image. With both K— and C—, when I first became involved with them, I was acutely aware, when introducing them to friends, of what I felt were their physical deficiencies. It was embarrassing and painful, yet I knew it was an irrational embarrassment, and I was ready to plow through it and get over it. When

I was with K—, back when I was so very thin and obsessive about staying that way, I was struggling to accept that fat was not evil. Now, heavier than I was pre-weight-loss, I feel I have largely come to that acceptance. (I can also see that K— is an incredibly gorgeous woman, her size included!) When I was with C—, I was struggling to accept that one didn't have to dress or look a certain way to be thought worthwhile. And indeed during our acquaintance I dressed more and more for my own comfort, less and less to fit in or to be hip or sexually provocative.

Somehow, being with E— wasn't ever a struggle in the way it was with K— and C—. I easily accepted her gender-transitional state and I was always proud, never embarrassed, to be with her. There was another kind of discomfort, though. Perceived as a woman, E— wasn't as attractive as she had been when perceived as a man, so she dressed and accessorized to high heaven to compensate,

and indeed I often felt intimidated by her resulting highly-feminized persona. In fact, of my three woman lovers, E— was the one who most fit the notion of conventional attractiveness, and the intimidation I often felt in her presence leads me to a second hypothesis about why I don't seem to have conventionally attractive girlfriends: I feel threatened by their beauty. Indeed, I find that in a club setting where I am choosing women to approach, I feel afraid of those who to me seem beautiful, afraid they will reject me, and thus I avoid them.

For now I have no lover, but I think when I am out looking again, I'll be trying to challenge myself differently by seeking out someone I think is vastly more attractive than I am. ▼



Eating

by Maria Tomchick

I just saw the film *Eating*, written and directed by Henry Jaglom. Besides the fact that the whole cast was composed of women (not a single man showed his face in the whole film — not even a delivery boy), the subject matter was terrific. I know that the characters were all upper class rich bitches from L.A., but the movie shows how the issue of eating is so terrifying, even for women with some class-consciousness (two black women talk about their feelings of how food is just another way for others to deprive them of power).

The movie made me think immediately of my own experiences with food. I was about six years old when my mother first put me on a diet. I had too much baby-fat, she said — my stomach stuck out too much. No cake, pie, cookies, or ice cream for little Maria for at least six months, at the minimum.

A few months later, when my grandmother saw me at Thanksgiving, she commented on how nice and skinny I looked. At six years old!

My mother has a couple of pictures of me from that time. I consider them my first baby pictures, since my mom has no real baby pictures of any but her first child. These pictures are very important for me because I've always thought of myself as being fat from birth.

The picture I remember most is one that my mother took. It was a sunny day and for some reason my brother (Scott), sister (Diana) and I were all dressed up to go somewhere. In the picture I'm wearing a short green dress that's a hand-me-down from Diana and white socks and black patent-leather mary-janes on my feet. Mom didn't have a flash, so we went outside and sat on the big flat rock facing the house across the driveway.

Looking at the picture now, I see a little girl with long skinny legs, very straight brown hair and a gap between her front teeth, squinting into the sun. How do I reconcile this picture of a normal-looking girl with my mother's comments about how fat I was?

By the time I was in the fifth grade I was fat. But by then, it was the dieting that had made me fat. Or maybe it was something else.

Meal times were always erratic — especially dinner. Dad would come in the house about 5:00 or 6:00pm and pour himself the first drink of the evening while my Mom was out doing the evening milking. She'd try sometimes to make dinner before she went out to the barn, and leave it in the oven for us to eat, but usually we'd have to wait until after the milking to have dinner, usually at about 9:00 or 10:00pm.

When I started going to school, this became intolerable, because I would have lunch at noon and by 5:00pm Scott and I would be scrounging in the kitchen for something to eat.

Both Mom and Dad would get angry about all the food that was 'disappearing.' For Scott, it wasn't so bad, because he was younger than me, and he was a skinny, hyperactive boy. Mom would encourage him to eat extra sandwiches, toast, or cookies on the side, but she would hide the same food from me.

I started to sneak food out of the kitchen and eat it in my bedroom or outside in the barn. Sometimes I would sneak away



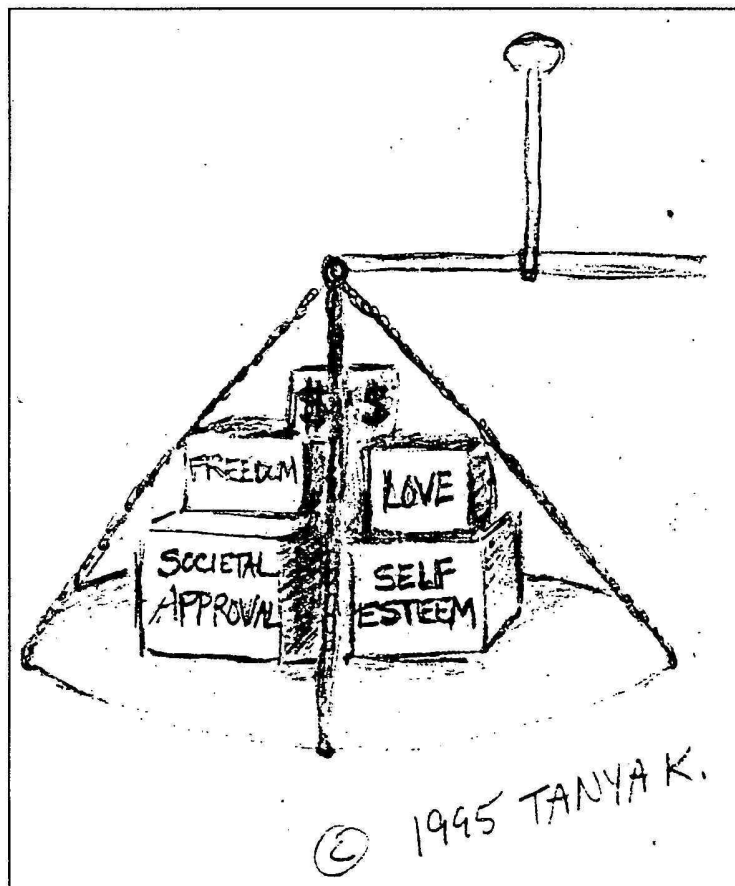
from my chores and go into the house for twenty minutes or so to eat something, when I knew everyone else was outside working. I would plan this elaborately, thinking about what kind of food was waiting for me in the house and how I would make the pantry or refrigerator look as if nothing was missing. I'd plan in my mind when

the best time would be for me to eat without getting caught.

I remember one time in particular. Mom was ill for a couple of weeks while having her teeth pulled and false ones made. She would come home each afternoon from the dentist's office, take painkillers, and disappear into her bedroom to sleep for several hours.

I would use this opportunity to sneak downstairs to the freezer in the basement. At first I would just go downstairs to look at the food: the meat wrapped securely in white paper and plastic packages with words like 'chuck roast,' 'cube steak,' or 'ground beef' stamped on them in blue ink, or the awkwardly twisted shape of a frozen loaf of bread, impossible to straighten out. And there was the box of Hostess chocolate cupcakes in its brown container; sixteen little cakes with chocolate frosting, each wrapped in plastic. I had to have one.

But, at first, I just looked. Every day, sometimes twice a day, I would look into the freezer. Sometimes I would move the meat around and uncover new words that made me think of future



dinners: 'T-bone,' 'sirloin tip,' or 'rib eye.' And always there was the box of cupcakes.

I thought about the cupcakes when I was at school, too. Somehow — because Mom was so sick — I felt that I had somehow become the guardian of that box of cupcakes. I was supposed to take care of them and make sure they would be there when she got over her sickness and wanted to take them out of the freezer.

I was a good girl for a long time; I checked on the cupcakes every day. Sometimes I would pick up the cold box and turn it over and read the other side. I knew exactly how much the box weighed and the address of the company that made them. I felt like they really belonged to me and that, when Mom got better she'd take them out of the freezer and give me one or two or three... because, of course, she'd know that I had taken care of them and saved them for her.

Maybe that's why, when she got better and the box of cupcakes still languished in the freezer, I opened it up myself and took one out. I ate it in my room, thinking that it didn't taste as good frozen as it would've warm. But I went and got a second one and ate that, too.

Later that night, I took a third one out of the freezer and hid it under my bed, so it could thaw. I ate it warm the next day, then took another one out and put it under my bed, so I could have it after dinner.

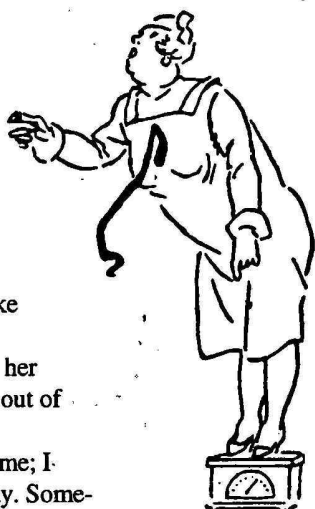
I rearranged half of the freezer, hiding the box of cupcakes under some dinner rolls and packages of hamburger, so nobody would notice that it was open. I expected it to be discovered half-empty any day, and I lived in terror of my Mom making a scene over the box of cupcakes.

After a week, there were only two cupcakes left. It was better for me if the box disappeared completely. I took the two cupcakes and hid them under my bed, then took the box out to the burn-pile and hid it under some old cardboard and tree branches.

I thought I was safe. Two weeks later, Mom noticed that the box of cupcakes was missing. At first, she blamed Scott, because he had a tendency to eat everything in sight. He denied it completely and she eventually believed him, but she never confronted me directly. A few weeks later, she took me with her to Weight Watchers for the first time.

I had just turned twelve, the minimum age for anyone to be enrolled in 'The Program.' I was the only girl there. Most of the women were my Mom's age (about forty to fifty years old), with a few who were younger and a couple of grey-haired women who were much older.

Most of the women looked normal to me. Only three or four were what you would call 'obese.' I don't remem-



ber anything about the lecture given by the group leader, I just remember that she was one of the only women in the room who looked 'professional' — she wore makeup, had her hair fixed in curls and sprayed stiff, and wore a dress, high heels and panty-hose. She was also thin. Everyone in the room wanted to be thin like she was. I wanted to be thin, too.

Every week, we would go to a meeting. The first thing everyone did at the meeting was go into a side room and register. Our names were checked off on a list and we would pay the weekly fee. Then we were given extra forms for writing down what we would eat for the next week; that was always very important. We had to write down *everything* we ate, even if we cheated, so that we could be humiliated for it at the next meeting.

Of course, I never wrote down anything that I wasn't supposed to eat; but, at first, I never cheated, either.

After paying our money and getting our forms, we got into line to be 'weighed in.' One-by-one, each woman in the group would get her turn to take off her jacket, slip out of her shoes and step up on the platform, while the beautiful, skinny group leader fussed with the scale. Then she would make some comment like: "Wow! Janice lost seven pounds this week! Seven pounds in one week!" and she'd write it down in her book.

Sometimes her comments were: "Well, Carol, you didn't lose any weight at all this week. Maybe you've reached a Plateau. We'll just give you our special Plateau Plan Book for a week or two and see if it breaks you out of the rut, okay?"

Everyone lived in fear of the Plateau Plan. If you reached a Plateau, it meant your body had gotten used to the diet and you had to eat even less to make it start losing weight again. "Mom?" I asked in fear, "what do you get to eat on the Plateau Plan?"

"Oh," Mom would sigh. "It's horrible. I always reach a Plateau. They take away one of your breads and all your cheese and they make you eat more fish. God, I hate fish!"

It was terrible to contemplate. On the regular plan we were only allowed to eat two slices of bread per day and four ounces of cheese per week. And we already ate fish for dinner five times per week — and that's not counting all the semi-dry tuna fish (too much mayonnaise was a no-no) that we ate for lunch every other day, too.

After the weigh-in, we would go into the meeting room, sit down, and talk about who was especially good that week ("Janice lost seven pounds!" — Mom



More 'Eating' on page 14...

Let's face it, we all have our problems. Whether it's a perilous polyfidelity predicament or simply how to shop for latex, North Bi Northwest is here to help. In keeping with the spirit of bisexuality, we offer more than one reply to each question. Send your queerries to our PO Box; our wisdom-mongers are standing bi.

Dear Answer Amazons,

I do volunteer work with an organization, and I just recently changed duties so I have a new volunteer coordinator. She is extremely friendly to me. She asks me about details of my life and how I'm doing, etc. All of this is accomplished by definite sexual energy. One time I left her office totally turned on. She doesn't look like she's lesbian at all, but something unmistakable is going on. I asked her out to a movie, but our schedules didn't match.

My question is, how can you tell when a woman is flirting with you, or is just being friendly in a het female kind of way (with unconscious erotic energy)? I'd be delighted to be just friends, but I don't want to miss an opportunity.

By the way, I had a similar experience a few years ago with a female incest survivor who sexualized our friendship even though she was straight, so my guard is up in this new situation.

What advice do you have for me?

Confused

Dear Confused,

I can see why you are confused. At the depth you currently know her, I'd be confused, too. She's been asking about your life — have you been asking about hers? If wherever she is at about you (friendship, romance, lust) is okay with you, then just go for it. Talk to her, girl!

Relating to an incest survivor — if that is an issue here (and you won't know that until you know her better) — is something you need to work on. I understand that incest survivors who have not yet processed their history in a healthy way may create dysfunctional relationships in an unconscious or conscious fashion. Where you



have power is in deciding what you are willing to do. Are you saying that if she is indeed an incest survivor, you want nothing to do with her? Or are you willing to be a friend (with perhaps some healthy conscious boundaries set up) even if she is a survivor and even if she hasn't completely processed her way through that?

The wisdom that eons bring us older goddesses is that everybody is messed up in one way or another. If we wait for the person to come along who is 'complete,' 'perfectly healthy,' or whatever — we get to be a long time lonely. Take care of yourself, and be a friend, even if it hurts sometimes — that's being alive.

Love,

Aphrodite

Dear Confused,

Sounds like you have a nice relationship going with your coordinator. It is not always a good idea to be involved with someone you work with, so proceed with caution. Trust your intuition and your romantic instincts.

Your question is a classic and difficult one. There's a fine line between flirting and being friendly. If the woman touches you often and whispers sweet nothings in your ear — she wants you! If she asks you out and gazes into your eyes longingly — you are in! If not, you may be fantasizing.

My advice to you is to continue to be friendly. Get to know her better. Who knows, maybe she'll make the first move. If she doesn't and if you are still turned on by her, go ahead and take a chance. Ask her out and tell her you are interested in her. If she is your friend, she won't be offended. She'll either encourage you or not and tell you why. The Queen does not believe in missing opportunities to find the love of your life. Be brave, my confused one. Be smart and wise and don't miss out on life. The Queen loves volunteers! I wish you the best. Let me know how your relationship works out.

Queen of Love

The Bisexual Ball

by L.H.

On March 11, 1995, the Northwest AIDS Foundation sponsored a free Mardi Gras style Bisexual Ball. The SBWN had an informational booth at this exciting event. Hundreds of interesting decadent aristocrats attended Seattle's disturbingly beautiful and charming Ball yet!

The Mardi Gras Ball was an unforgettable dance full of decadent entertainment and instructional subjects about safe and passionate sex. Safe care kits, masks and bead necklaces were handed out upon entry. There was food and drink for all.

A group of SBWN members were at the ball, and to protect the innocent, their names will not be revealed — but they know who they are! Many of us walked around the Bisexual Ball with bewildered looks on our faces. We were seeing things we ain't never seen before. Yours truly accepted an invitation to go under the Queen's hoop skirt to entertain her while she was on stage entertaining the audience. Her hoop skirt had room for three. You can use your imagination about how the Queen was being entertained. For an in-depth report ask the one under the skirt. One of the Ball goers asked me to go under her skirt, but I politely declined.

Miss Dan Savage, our Stranger critic, volunteered for the dunk tank. Her delicate bottom and fancy hairdo were unceremoniously dunked in the ice cold water for the first time by one of our SBWN members. Best twenty bucks ever spent! For you see, Miss Dan Savage loves to make fun of us bisexuals. Maybe the cold water cleared her brain and she'll change her/his ways.

The dancing was fine, the music divine. The bare bodies a delight. Our eyes couldn't see enough. Entertainers paraded around the dance floor doing their specialties. We saw fire-eaters, cossack dancers, and stilt dancers. One of our own, LN, joined the cossack dancers. Talk about strong legs!

The entertainer that made many eyes, belonging to GR, MR, B&B, PW, E, SS, S&S, and C, 'bug out' was Lady Henesy Brown. Her assistant pulled out enough rope from her love cave to hang all of Seattle's laundry. I've never seen anybody drink beer the way she did! She also had safe sex with the cold one. The beer fountain gushing out was a fun eruption. The pussy fountain was a new one for the record books. Her finale was hot! She really knows how to play with fire without getting burnt.

The SBWN dancers were hot! The changing of clothes by SS was quite a sight I'm told. Of course, my eyes were closed. The sandwich dance by C, SS, and LH was spicy.

The rope show looked excruciating. Tying of the ropes on pierced

body parts was tricky. I held onto SS's hands just to have the nerve to look. S&M must be an acquired taste. Maybe much, much later.

The Mardi Gras Bisexual Ball was a great success. Will I go again? You bet! My thanks to my SBWN pals to shared this unforgettable experience with me. Let's do it again!

ed note: The doorkeepers ran out of consent forms after 750; it was a BIG party!

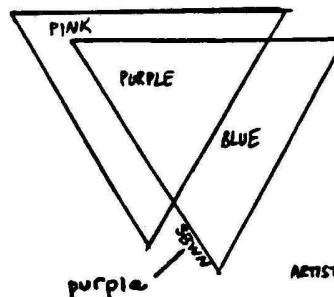


*"A magical pool
of calm in this
crazy world..."*

The Island Within
A Luxurious Bed & Breakfast Cottage
Relax and renew on Vashon Island's beautiful west side.
Information and reservations 206•567•4177

COMING OCTOBER 11: THE BISEXUAL LOGO T-SHIRT!
AVAILABLE IN TWO COLORS: BLACK AND HEATHER GREY.
SIZES ARE LARGE, X-LARGE, AND OVER-SIZE (APPROXIMATELY 4X-LARGE). PRICED AT \$12 EACH, SBWN MEMBWWERS MAY BI
THE SHIRTS FOR ONLY \$10 (A 15% SAVINGS, WE TOLD YOU
MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS PRIVILEGES!)

GET THEM AT
SBWN MEETINGS
AND AT NATIONAL
COMING OUT DAY
CELEBRATIONS. WE
CAN ALSO MAIL
THEM FOR AN AD-
DITIONAL \$2 POST-
AGE AND HAN-
DLING.



ARTIST'S RENDERING

WEAR OUR COLORS WITH BISEXUAL PRIDE!

Advertising

North Bi Northwest welcomes ad-
vertising from bi-friendly busi-
nesses, individuals, organizations
and services. Our advertising rates
are as follows:

Business card size: \$10/issue
Half page: \$40/issue

Quarter page: \$20/issue
Full page: \$80/issue

2 consecutive issues: 15% discount
3 consecutive issues: 30% discount

For more information call (206) 783-7987 & leave a message.

Shopping

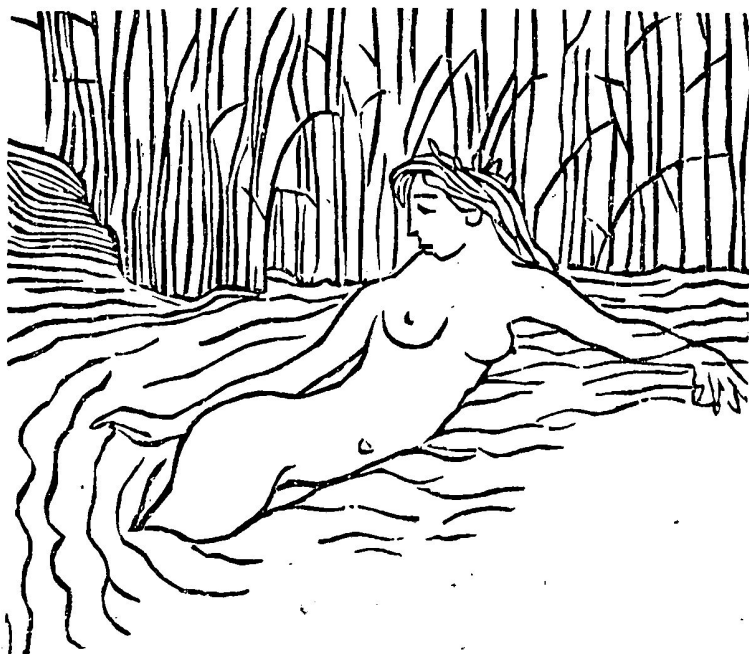
by Peggy Walsh

To the woman in the green dress
in Art's Grocery
in the middle of the night
last Tuesday:

I love how your dress moves around you
as you walk, swirling...

It reminds me of a river
flowing deep and smooth
and strong.

I want to ride your current down the canyons...



'Bi Flies' continued from page 15

courting them.

A mutant '*fruitless*' (previously known as '*fruity*' in a less tasteful age) exists which causes both normal and *fruitless* males to court *fruitless* (older) males. The *fruitless* males make volatile compounds not present in normal (older) males, and these compounds are presumed to act as sex attractant pheromones.

Another gene '*transformer*' converts males into females. In a recent study, when *transformer* was turned on specifically in the male fly olfactory centers, converting them to female tissue, these males courted males and females indiscriminately. It is possible that these flies lacked the ability to distinguish males and females by their pheromones.

Are pheromones involved in human sexual attraction? They have received little attention, partly because pheromones in vertebrates are thought to be detected by a special organ, the vomero-nasal organ. Until recently humans were thought to lack this organ. However, it has now been found in essentially all people examined. Detection of pheromones does not seem to involve conscious odors, but may be experienced as mood changes (e.g. a feeling of well-being). Pheromones are being developed for marketing. There is psychological literature suggesting the involvement of pheromones in synchronizing women's menstrual cycles and in sexual desire. It is unlikely that

pheromones would have as strong an influence on human sexual attraction as on fruit flies because human sexual behavior is far less stereotyped, but it is not impossible that gay or bisexual behavior could be influenced by genes controlling response to pheromones. This hypothesis is not necessarily inconsistent with either LeVay's hypothalamus hypothesis or Hamer's social independence hypothesis. All three could operate independently or be related in ways we do not yet understand.

Further Reading:

- Bailey, J. M., and R. C. Pillard, 1991, A genetic study of male sexual orientation. *Archives of General Psychiatry* 48: 1089-1096.
Bailey, J. M., R. C. Pillard, M. C. Neale, and Y. Agyei, 1993, Heritable factors influence sexual orientation in women. *Archives of General Psychiatry* 50: 217-223.
Ferveur, J-F., K. F. Stortkuhl, R. F. Stocker and R. J. Greenspan, 1995, Genetic feminization of brain structures and changed sexual orientation in male *Drosophila*. *Science* 267: 902-905.
Hamer, D., and P. Copeland, 1994, *The Science of Desire*. Simon and Schuster, New York.
LeVay, S., 1993, *The Sexual Brain*. MIT Press, Cambridge.
LeVay, S., 1991, A difference in hypothalamic structure between heterosexual and homosexual men. *Science* 253: 1034-1037.
Wright, K., 1994, The sniff of legend. *Discover* 15 (April): 60-67. ▼

THE CHOSEN FAMILY



SOMETIMES I IMAGINE MY WATERBED IS
THE BELLY OF A BIG, SOFT WOMAN!!

Reprinted from Vancouver, BC's *Diversity: the Lesbian Rag*, Vol II #4, Aug 19, 1989.

'Eating' continued from page 9

would lean over and hiss in my ear: "it was her first week; she lost mostly water, I'll bet"). Then we would get a little pep-talk or some advice on how to make fish or cottage cheese taste like something else.

Sometimes the skinny lady would give us a lecture on developing will-power or taking the time to exercise, or how shopping and trying on clothes helped her

'...Unnecessary dieting is because everything from television to fashion ads have made it seem wicked to cast a shadow. This wild, emaciated look appeals to some women, though not to many men, who are seldom seen pinning up a *Vogue* illustration in a machine shop.' Peg Bracken, *The I Hate to Cook Book*, 1960.

to lose weight.

At first I lost a lot of weight on The Plan. I went from about 150 pounds down to 134 in about two months. Then I reached a Plateau. I found out at that point that there was a special rule that kept young girls from going on the Plateau Plan, but my Mom was determined that I reach my 'Goal Weight' of 115 pounds. She put me on her own version of the Plateau Plan.

I started dreaming about food. When I began to cheat, it was only small things at first: I would take slightly more than an ounce of cereal for breakfast or deliberately not weigh the cheese that I put on my tuna sandwich. Because my body had become used to continuous famine, I began to gain weight.

Mom admonished me to carefully weigh everything and not eat too much mayonnaise, even though she knew I had already stopped listening to her. The skinny woman at Weight Watchers would frown and look at my mom when I stood on the scale, but she never said anything directly to me.

I didn't care that I had gained a half of a pound. I was thinking all the time about donuts or slices of hot bread with butter. I

began to sneak pieces of bread out of the bread box (Mom would never count the slices of bread in a sack) and put them in the microwave for a few seconds with two big pieces of butter on them, then wolf them down in two bites, before anyone could catch me lingering in the kitchen.

My version of the Plateau Plan included eight slices of bread per day, extra mayonnaise on my tuna sandwiches, and peanut butter on crackers.

Mom stopped taking me to Weight Watchers with her. Soon afterwards, when she hit her own Plateau and began to eat peanut butter and Cheese Whiz on crackers, she also quit going.

Altogether, I went to Weight Watchers about three times before I left home at age 18 to go to college. I haven't been back since.

Right now my scale tells me that I'm 163 pounds. It's very difficult for me to tell anybody how much I weigh; for instance, my driver's license says '150 pounds' and I've had at least two chances to change that when I've renewed it, but I've declined.

Occasionally, when I visit Mom she makes comments like: "you've lost weight, haven't you?" I always say "no" very firmly, and she's learned not to bother me about it any more.

I don't constantly think about food like I used to, but I *do* always eat like there's no tomorrow. Sometimes I still feel guilty about eating in public, and I even try now and then to impose arbitrary limits on what I eat (some people call this 'dieting').

When I hear another person say that she/he

Healing the Chalice Ceremonial Workshop for Women

Especially helpful around issues related to incest or rape, but meant for all women who have suffered abuse or distress as a result of simply being a woman.

Probable date Saturday, July 15. Call Peggy W. to inquire or register: 783-7987.

FIGURE, SHAPE

415

姿

SHI
sugata



... and cry over her **figure**.

next 555

woman 411

is going on a diet, I get upset. I want to say something to that person, but usually I get too angry and just end up keeping my mouth shut. What I probably should do is say something about diets make you fatter, hurt your self-image, ruin your sex life, fuck up your kids, destroy your health...

But who's going to listen to a fat person?

Reprinted with permission from:
Enclosed Nov/Dec 1993
c/o M. Tomchick, PO Box 20752
Seattle WA 98102.

off our backs



It's a big world -- no one can keep up with everything. But if what you want is news about women, you need *off our backs*. The best in feminist journalism, every issue.

11 issues a year	\$21
Contributing	\$25
Canada, Mexico	US\$22
Overseas airmail	US\$30
Institutions	\$33
Trial sub (3 issues)	\$6

2423 18th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009

Bi Genes, Fly Genes: An Update

by Paul Talbert

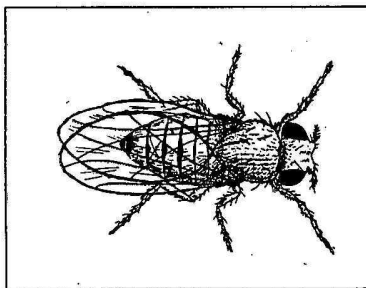
In recent years, considerable media attention has been given to studies of the possible genetic and/or neurological basis of homosexuality. Inquiring bisexuals are likely to want to know where they might fit in all this, but unfortunately these types of studies are still in their infancy for gays and lesbians, and entirely non-existent for bisexuals. Despite the large public interest in sexual orientation, a recent addition to our knowledge of how genes affect bisexual behavior received little media attention, for the perhaps understandable reason that the study concerned bisexual behavior in fruit flies. But before we consider what relevance this study might have for human bisexuals, it is useful to remind ourselves about recent genetic studies of human homosexuality.

For an up-to-date layman's book on the role of genes in human sexual orientation, read *The Science of Desire*, by Dean Hamer and Peter Copeland. Hamer is the lead author of the paper in *Science* in 1993 which found a correlation between the inheritance of a particular region of the X chromosome and gay identity in pairs of brothers. The data were highly significant, but the study has yet to be repeated by other labs.

Hamer gives a brief review of recent evidence on this question, describes his own study in detail, including his choice of methods and replies to critics, and discusses fairly carefully what can and cannot be concluded from his study. He speculates on how 'gay genes' might be maintained in evolution, on what they might be doing, and discusses his efforts to assure that his study is not used for unethical purposes.

Some of the more salient conclusions are:

Studies with twins showed conclusively that genes are not the only factor in sexual orientation: in pairs of identical male twins, if one brother was gay, the other brother was gay 52% of the time (52% concordance). The concordance rate was far higher than for fraternal twins (22%) or adoptive brothers (9%) suggesting a genetic influence, but far short of the 100% concordance expected if genes were strict determinants of orientation. The fact that non-genetic factors influence orientation need not imply that 'choice' is involved. In a second



study, similar results were obtained for lesbian twins.

Gay men and lesbians tend to occur in different families and different genes probably influence these orientations.

In Hamer's study, gay men had a higher number of gay relatives on the mother's side than on the father's, suggesting that a gene influencing gay orientation resides on the X chromosome, which males inherit from their mothers. Subsequent analysis of 40 families with two gay brothers showed that both had inherited a particular region of the X chromosome (Xq28) from their mother in about 85% of cases, rather than in 50% of cases as would be expected by chance. These results are strong evidence for a gene influencing sexual orientation in this region.

The putative 'gay gene' in this region has not yet been identified.

This putative gene probably cannot account for all cases of gay orientation (e.g. the 15% of gay brothers who did not inherit the same region).

The study could not determine how many men who inherit the 'gay gene' in Xq28 are heterosexual or bisexual, how frequent this gene is in the population, or how many other genes might influence sexual orientation.

Like other recent studies, this study found relatively few bisexuals (Kinsey 2-4). This argues against a model in which 'gayness' is the cumulative quantitative effect of several genes which give a continuous distribution of Kinsey scores. In this case one would expect bisexuals to outnumber homosexuals. While under-reporting of bisexuals is certainly a potential problem, there is no recent evidence to support the idea that bisexuals are more common than homosexuals.

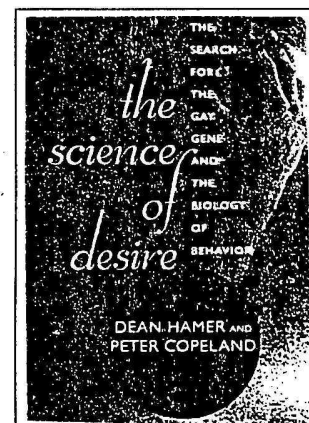
Although gender-atypical behavior in childhood is strongly correlated with later gay (or bisexual?) orientation, gender-atypical behavior in Hamer's gay brothers did not correlate with the inheritance of the Xq28 region.

There is no evidence that preferences for particular sex acts (e.g. oral or anal sex) are influenced by genes.

No conclusion can be drawn about what the putative gay gene does. A reasonable hypothesis about how a gene could influence sexual orientation is that the sexual differentiation of the brain could be affected early in development (prenatally). Much more about this hypothesis and the differences between male and female brain development can be found in Simon LeVay's book *The Sexual Brain*. LeVay is the researcher who found that gay and straight men differed in the size of a nucleus of the hypothalamus. The hypothalamus is known to regulate sexual behavior.

An alternative hypothesis mentioned by Hamer is that a gene for 'self-sufficiency' or social independence, which could influence a person's ability to emerge from the heterosexual mold, might influence sexual orientation. There is rather weak evidence that Xq28 might contain such a gene.

As noted above, studies of human bisexuals are lacking. In fruit flies, genes which cause bisexual behavior are known. Male fruit flies normally prefer to court both young (virgin) males and females, over older females (which have already been inseminated by another male). It is thought that younger males (like females of all ages) secrete sex attractant pheromones to induce older males to court them so that they can learn the fly courtship ritual. Male flies do not court older males. Older males make inhibitory pheromones to prevent other males from



More 'Bi Flies' on page 12

CALENDAR

For locations, confirmation, or more information, call the appropriate message machine and someone will get back to you (with discretion if requested). For SBWN events call (206) 783-7987. For all other Seattle events, (BiNet, SBMU, Polyfi, BiOut, etc.) Call (206) 728-4533.

* denotes multi-gender events.



Sun Jun 4-SBWN Organizational Mtg. 6pm

Thu Jun 8-Take 2 Film Club. 6:30pm @ Gayla's, North Queen Anne.

Sat Jun 10-Polyfidelity Social: Picnic 2pm @ Lincoln Park. Call for details. *

Mon Jun 12-SBWN Mtg. 7:15pm. 'Open Rap, newcomer format'.

Mon Jun 12-SBMU meeting. 7pm. 'Outdoor Bi-Ways: Bifriendly recreation spots'.

Tue Jun 13-Bluestockings. 7pm @ Devra's, Wallingford. *Written on the Body*, Jeanette Winterson and/or *Stone Butch Blues*, Leslie Feinberg.

Wed Jun 14-BiNet Mtg. 7pm @ NWA Office, 127 Broadway E. *

Sat Jun 17-Portland OR Pride March. Contact BiNet/Oregon 503-299-4764.\$*

Sun Jun 18-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Pet Care,' Guest speaker.

Mon Jun 19-SBWN phone answered live 7:30-9:30pm.

Sun Jun 25-Seattle Pride March & Rally! *

Mon Jun 26-SBWN Mtg. 7:15pm. 'Polyfidelity/Nonmonogamy'.

Sun Jul 2-SBWN Organizational meeting, 6pm.

Wed Jul 5-Input deadline for *North Bi Northwest*, August issue. *

Sat Jul 8-Polyfidelity potluck. 6:30pm. Pilgrim Congregational Church. *

Mon Jul 10-SBWN Mtg. 7:15pm. 'Open Rap, newcomer mtg'.

Mon Jul 10-SBMU meeting. 7pm. 'Labels & Communities'.

Mon/Wed Jul 10/12-American Ridge Campout with BiNet/Oregon. Coordinate w/Peggy W.*

Thu Jul 13-Take 2 Film Club. 6:30pm @ Gayla's, North Queen Anne.

Sun Jul 16-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Summer Dating.'

Tue Jul 18-SBWN phone answered live 7:30-9:30pm.

Thu Jul 20-BiNet Mtg. 7pm. call for location. *

Fri/Sun Jul 21/23-BiNet/USA National Meeting, Minneapolis. More on page 4.

Mon Jul 24-SBWN Mtg. 7:15pm. 'Coming Out Issues'.

Sun Jul 30-SBWN meeting 6pm. 'Open Rap,' NbiNW mailing party.

Mon Aug 7-SBWN Organizational meeting, 7:15pm.

Mon Aug 7-Vancouver BC Pride March.

Sat Aug 12-Polyfidelity Social.

Sun Aug 13-SBWN Mtg. 6pm. 'Open Rap, newcomer format'.

Local Groups at Your Service

SBWN (Seattle Bisexual Women's Network): Support and discussion groups on alternate Sundays, 6pm, and alternate Mondays, 7:15pm. Organizational meetings first meeting of month. For more information, call our message machine. Note our occasional live phone answer times.

Bluestockings: SBWN-affiliated monthly feminist women's reading group. In addition to feminist writing, readings have included popular fiction, women's history, and a work-in-progress by a member. All women are welcome.

Take Two Film Club: SBWN-affiliated monthly video club. They review each flick after viewing, consensualizing on what they would advise others to take or do two of when seeing it for the first time. (i.e. Take two hands to hold when viewing Kafka for the first time; it's scary.) Meets 2nd Thurs.

SBMU (Seattle Bisexual Men's Union): a men's anti-sexist support and social group with discussion meetings on second Mondays of the month at Pilgrim Congregational Church, room 304 (enter from 10th Av), and monthly social events (location varies).

Polyfidelity Discussion Group: Support group for people in or interested in multipartner relationships. Discussions and literature on responsible nonmonogamy, intimate networks, alternative relationships and community. Bi-monthly potluck discussions, 6:30pm @ Pilgrim Congregational Church, 509 10th Av E, Seattle; alternate month social events, venue varies.

BiNet, the Bisexual Network of Seattle: a multi-gender, multicultural profeminist group dedicated to providing information about bisexuality, promoting bisexual visibility, and developing community.

BiOut Speakers Bureau: available for engagements at schools, businesses, counseling centers, churches, etc. to provide information and answers about bisexuality.